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JACK FROST.

I leave on the fields, by night,
The print of my feet, in white;
I scatter the snow like chaff;
I whistle and sing and laugh;
I bang at the sash,
The shutters I rattle;
O'er chimneys I dash,
I frighten the cattle;
I breathe, and the boughs are tossed:
Why, every one knows Jack Frost.

My arms, they are long and stout,
And doors may not keep me out;
Far off to the ships I pass—
One touch and their ropes are glass;

Each poor, lonely tree
I prank up in laces;
My handiwork see
In all sorts of places;
And travelers, nipped and lost,
They shudder to hear Jack Frost.

Though boisterous I may seem,
Yet often I sweetly dream,
And visions of Spring delight
I hide in my heart by night.

An icicle then
(While everything still is)
I use for my pen,
And roses and lilies

On window-panes are embossed,
To tell you of Spring! Jack Frost.

George Cooper in The Independent.

MARTELLO.

THE first time Miss Anstice took him to Sunday-school, she placed him with Jamie in a class of little boys, while she attended to the lesson of her own class of girls. Tello grew weary of the Sunday-school before it was half over, and when his teacher was not looking, he pulled off his shoes and stockings, and leaving them in one corner of the pew, he went down the aisle, executing a series of somersaults, and Miss Anstice being made aware by the suppressed tittering that something unusual was going on, turned her head just in time to see a pair of bare feet revolving through the open door, then Tello's curly hair appeared for a second, and then he was off like an arrow down the road. It was dreadful behavior certainly, and who can wonder that good Miss Anstice was greatly annoyed; but when on her return home, he came rushing out of the gate with beaming unconsciousness to meet her and insinuated his hand confidently within her own, Miss Anstice found her vexation oozing away. "Poor little heathen," she thought, "he did not know any better." Mrs. Selina endeavored to convince her sister-in-law that it was her duty to give Tello a good whipping for such an escapade, and failing, she predicted that if Anstice should keep that boy, she would certainly spoil him with her weak indulgence.

In spite of short-comings, Miss Anstice insisted that he was a remarkably interesting boy, and she did not know how she could keep house without him. And justice to Tello demands a confession of his redeeming qualities. He was affectionate, frank, sunny, and perfectly truthful. When Miss Anstice instructed him to apologize to Mrs. Selina for his various offenses and misdemeanors, he readily came to say that he was sorry, but the idea

associating sorrow with his radiant face was too ludicrous for prosaic Mrs. Selina, even, and in spite of herself her face would relax into an answering smile.

The years glided quietly and uneventfully by. But Mrs. Selina never became quite reconciled to "Aunt Annie's" erratic course in keeping "that gipsy boy," and she continued to indulge in occasional cynical criticisms.

"There's that great boy eating Anstice out of house and home," she was wont to remark. "If Anstice had only employed the time she has worked for him in sewing straw, and had saved the money she has spent for him, it would have been a pretty penny to put away in a bank. For my part I approve of looking out for number one. But Anstice never seems to think of her own welfare. Half this week she has been sewing for widow Hale's little girl, and she'll never get a cent for it. I know widow Hale is sick, or pretends to be, but some people think they are sick when they are only shiftless. Now if Anstice worked for our children, there would be some sense in it, but she has never done a quarter as much for Jamie or Mary either as she has for Lizzie Hale and that gipsy boy."

"Perhaps she thinks they stand more in need of her work," said Mr. John Frost, to whom this expression of his wife was addressed.

Miss Anstice kept serenely on the even tenor of her way, furnishing Tello with bread and butter, and sewing for widow Hale and her little girl, and truth to tell, instead of regretting that she had not been as prudent and thrifty as her energetic sister-in-law could have wished, she thanked heaven daily for sending the bright face that made so much sunshine in her home.

As Tello grew older and exhausted the opportunities for acquiring knowledge offered by the village school, he became an insatiable reader. He devoured eagerly all tales of travel and adventure that came in his way, and boldly expressed his determination to see the world for himself. He was not going to stay cooped up in a little village. He was going to travel. He was going to sea.

Which audacious declaration quite appalled Miss Anstice, when she first heard it.

Mr. John Frost was willing to employ Tello in working upon his farm, but he soon found out that Tello could not be depended on. If he was left to weed the beet-beds, when Mr. Frost came to see how the work was progressing, the probabilities were in favor of his finding Tello, book in hand, comfortably reclining in the shade.

"What does Anstice know about bringing up boys?" her irate brother John would ask. "If she would leave the management of Tello entirely to me, I would find a way to get some work out of him." But Miss Anstice, who was a devout believer in moral suasion, listened unmoved to all her brother's arguments as to the efficacy of corporal punishment, and firmly declared that nobody should ever strike Tello with her consent.

When she attempted to reason on the subject with Tello, he promptly averred that he hated farming, and he would not be a farmer. He should do something to earn more money. "I am going to sea," he said. "It would be kind of mean to run away without saying 'good-bye' to you, wouldn't it? Well, some night when you are asleep, I am going to get out of my window, on the shed roof, and run away to sea. And so I'll say 'good-bye' now. And some time I'll come back, and bring you a heap of money, and then you shan't sew on that tiresome old straw any more."

Miss Anstice saw not the slightest jest in the resolute air and the beautiful dark eyes gazing so steadily into hers. If Tello was determined to go to sea, she would rather know where he went and with whom, so she took a journey to the city, where she had friends, to secure him a suitable position with a captain who would be kind to him and take an interest in him. She drew largely upon her modest bank-account to provide him with a proper outfit, and one bright June morning, with many hugs and kisses and protestations on the part of Tello that he would never, never forget how good Miss Anstice had been to him, while the brightness of his dark eyes was quenched in the moisture that would fill them in spite of himself; with many tears and admonitions on the part of Miss Anstice, Tello was off and away to China.

"Good riddance of bad rummage," said Mrs. Selina. "Anstice will never set eyes on him again, I'll venture."

But her prophecy proved incorrect. Three years later, Tello came back. Everybody had been kind to him, and he had seen such wonderful things.

He brought Miss Anstice a box of cedar, beautifully carved, which, when opened, displayed the creamy folds of an elegantly-wrought white crape shawl.

Miss Anstice gave a little feminine scream of delight, "It is too beautiful for a plain old woman like me," she said. "Why, Tello, it is lovely enough for a queen."

"Suppose it is," said Tello. "It is none too good for you."

When the shawl was shown to Mrs. Selina, she expressed her approbation coldly. "It looks very well," she said, "but it is my candid opinion, Anstice, that the money it cost would have been of far more service to you."

But Mrs. Selina's coldness could not dampen Miss Anstice's pleasure in this token of Tello's remembrance of her when so far away. How proud she felt to wear it to the village church, and to be accompanied by her handsome sailor-boy, now a trifle taller than herself. Tello stayed at home some weeks, and was quite a hero in the little village. He was so handsome, so agreeable, so entertaining with his wonderful stories of foreign lands. Even Mary Frost no longer turned up her nose at him, and Mrs. Selina was so far mollified by his gracious deportment towards herself, as to say that "if by any chance Martello should turn out to be a smart man, it was not because Anstice had not done her best to spoil him."

And then almost before Miss Anstice had quite realized how delightful it was to have her home brightened by his sunny face and loving nonsense and breezy ways, he was off and away again in the same ship, with the same captain.

When he had been gone a good many months, a letter bearing foreign stamps, came for Miss Anstice. She adjusted her glasses and broke the seal in a flutter of excitement. It was from Tello, of course. The command of a trading vessel up and down one of the Indian rivers, had been offered him, and he had accepted, as it seemed to him a fine opening. If he liked, he should stay there four or five years. Would Miss Anstice write to him?

Write to him! Of course she would, and the very next day she wrote a long, loving home letter, filled with all the little details that could by any possibility interest him, from the settlement of a new pastor over the church, down to the mishaps that had befallen her last brood of chickens. And as soon as her letter was dispatched, she began to wonder how long she must wait for an answer. She found it took many long months for a letter to go half round the world, and an answer to it to journey back. And so with a letter from Tello coming occasionally to break the monotony of her quiet life, time sped rapidly by.

With the lapse of years, misfortunes befell Miss Anstice. Her brother John, smitten suddenly with fever, died after a few days' illness. When her father had died, he had bequeathed his fine new house, his fertile fields, and his valuable orchards to John; to Anstice he had left his half-dozen shares of railroad stock and the old farm-house for a home so long as she lived; then it was to revert to John's heirs. People said that farmer Frost had done well by Anstice, but nobody thought of saying that he had done better by John.

Miss Anstice had lived very cosily and had even been able to lay by a little, so long as the dividends on her stock came regularly in. But the dividends grew small by degrees and were paid irregularly, and finally they altogether ceased. Then the stock fell down, down, till it was next to valueless. And as the necessity for productive labor on the part of Miss Anstice became imperative, Miss Anstice became quite unable to work through rheumatism. And so it came about that the bills for doctor and nurse swallowed up her little store in the savings-bank, and one fearful Autumn found her helpless and penniless, without food or fuel, in short, with utter destitution staring her in the face. One day during her illness, she had feebly scrawled a few lines to Tello, telling him of her loss of property and of her illness, but it must be two or three months yet before she could hope for a reply from him. "Oh, if he were only here," she thought in her distress.

Her brother's widow and children were, of course, ready to receive her in her extremity, you think. Not so. "We could not have Aunt Ann. How could we?" said Mary Frost, who had grown up as selfish as she was pretty. "Mother is not well, and I am sure I am not strong."

"Anstice never did so much for me or my children, that I should consider it my duty to take care of her," said Mrs. Selina coldly. "If she had followed my advice, she would not be situated as she now is."

"It is a shame," said the village people, "for Miss Anstice to come on the town, as much as her father was worth. But if her brother's folks won't do anything for her, who can be expected to?"

When her helpless condition had become common talk in the village, and everybody said that "something ought to be done," one of the town overseers came to see her. "If she could make up her mind to go to the house over the hill," he said, "she would be well cared for; she could have a warm and comfortable room all to herself, and when the weather grew warm again and her rheumatism got better, some arrangement might be made for her to come back to her house to live—perhaps."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Anstice, "I have felt that this must come. If this is the Lord's way of providing for me, I must submit. I'll go any time."

"I'll come for you in the morning," said the overseer, and he departed.

Mrs. Selina came in by-and-by to bring Anstice a bit of supper. In a Christian community, one could not leave one's sister-in-law to starve, even though she had wasted her substance on gipsy boys and fatherless girls.

"It is the best thing you can do, I suppose," she said. "I am sorry for you, but you know, Anstice, I always told you, you ought to be more saving. I have brought you in a little toast and tea for your supper."

"Put it down," said Miss Anstice. "I suppose I must eat something. But I could not swallow a bit now. It would choke me."

"I have been thinking," said Mrs. Selina, "that it would be very convenient for you to have a little money by you—there. You might want to buy some little comfort, you know. Wouldn't you like to sell me your white shawl? I'll give you five dollars for it."

"I thank you for your consideration, I am sure," said Miss Anstice, grimly. "But I expect my needs will be provided for."

"And if the shawl is not worth more than five dollars, there could not be the least impropriety in the world in a pauper's wearing it."

Which Parthian arrow silenced Mrs. Selina's negotiation. She soon took her leave, saying she would run in a minute in the morning to get the dishes, with a glance at the little stand beside Miss Anstice.

The short November day waned and closed. The shadows lurking in the corners of the room, crept nearer and nearer, and at last engulfed Miss Anstice in the darkness, and how great was that darkness! The candle which she had forgotten to ask Selina to place beside her, was out of reach on the mantel. Suddenly somebody rapped gently at the door.

"Come in!" called Miss Anstice.

Somebody entered.

"Is it you, Lizzie Hale?" Miss Anstice asked.

"No!" said a man's voice.

Some vague and sweet remembrance brought to life by the intonation of the voice set Miss Anstice's heart wildly throbbing.

"There is a candle on the shelf—matches. Will you get a light!"

The dexterity with which her direction was obeyed indicated that the man was no stranger in the apartment. He turned towards Miss Anstice, letting the rays of the candle fall full on his face. She saw a stalwart man, bronzed and bearded. A questioning smile played upon his face, as they looked silently at each other. That sunny smile could belong to but one person in all the wide world.

"Thank the Lord," she cried, with a sob, extending her arms towards him. It is—really—Tello."

"Yes, thank the Lord," cried Tello, on his knees beside her, "that I came to-night instead of any later. For I heard, coming up on the cars, how much you needed me here. In less than twenty-four hours after I got your last letter, I was on my way to you."

"Dear auntie, I have brought you some money, and you won't go over the hill till you have spent every cent of this and a great deal more," and out of one pocket came a crumpled mass of bills, and out of another pocket came another mass, and out of his breast-pocket came a third wad, larger, more solid, and more hopelessly crumpled and confused than either of the others.

"Bless me," cried Miss Anstice wiping away her tears. "How could you be so careless, Tello, as to leave all that money loose in your pockets?"

"How natural that sounds," cried Tello, jumping up. "You begin to look better already, and I am sure you will get better right away, if you have me to look after. But what else could I do, after I had filled my pocket-book as full as it would hold?" displaying as he spoke, a plethoric pocket-book.

It would take too long to narrate all of Tello's doings that eventful night, to tell of his excursions out to the village stores; of the load of wood that was dumped down at the back door within an hour; of the blazing fire that was presently roaring away in the kitchen stove; of Tello's lifting Miss Anstice, chair and all, out in the kitchen to superintend his cooking, of the aroma of oysters and coffee presently diffusing itself through the house; of Miss Anstice's smiles and tears that struggled alternately for the mastery.

When Lizzie came, as she had promised to do, to pass the night with Miss Anstice, instead of finding her sitting lonely and sad in the darkness, she found the house warmed and lighted. When she opened the kitchen door, there burst upon her the astonishing vision of Miss Anstice sitting wrapped up by the kitchen stove,

while a handsome man in his shirt sleeves, with one of Miss Anstice's aprons tied round him, was dishing up oysters.

"Oh Lizzie, come in," cried Miss Anstice, as Lizzie paused bewildered in the door-way. "This is Tello, don't you remember him, my boy Tello? And Tello, this is Lizzie Hale, come to stay all night with me, and I did not know at sundown but that she was the only true friend I had in the world."

So Lizzie joined the festival, and what a happy time they had of it! Lizzie Hale's mother had been dead some years, and she was at service in the village; and when Tello learned this, he determined that she should come and stay with Miss Anstice, and ere many days had elapsed, he found ways and means for carrying his point.

What a happy little family that was in the old farm-house that Winter, and what loving and assiduous care Miss Anstice had. Every comfort that money could purchase was hers. "Such extravagant goings on," Mrs. Selina sagely declared, "could not last long."

When the mild Spring weather came, Miss Anstice was so much better that, supported by Martello's strong arm, she could walk a little way in the open air.

"Auntie," he said one day, "if I will provide you with an infallible cure for your rheumatism, will you try it?"

"Surely I will," she said, "but I fear it will be useless."

"Go out to India with me. Rheumatism is never heard of there. If you will go to a warm climate, you will never suffer from it any more, I feel certain."

"Oh dear," sighed Miss Anstice. "I have been dreading to hear you speak of going back to India. What shall I do after you are gone? For I am too old a woman for such a journey. I should be such a burden to you."

"Not a bit of it. On the contrary, you would be doing me a great service. For see here, auntie, Lizzie thinks me dreadfully extravagant, you know, and so she has promised to go out with me and take care of my money, to be a sort of cashier as it were, and as she is rather young and inexperienced, I want you to go and look after us a little."

"Dear me," said Miss Anstice in a flutter of delight, at finding her dearest wishes in a certain matter were likely to come to pass, "if I should happen to go, I wonder what Selina would say."

And Martello understood that he had carried his point. And so it came to pass that there was a quiet wedding one Summer morning in the old farm-house, and Capt. Martello Frost, his wife, and Miss Anstice Frost sailed for India.

"But what so fine a man could see to fancy in such a plain and insignificant chit as that Lizzie Hale," was more than fair Mary Frost was able to imagine.

And what did Mrs. Selina say? "The idea," she said, "of a woman of Anstice's years, and lame as she is, too, not having any more sense or judgment than to go off to the ends of the earth with people who were neither kith nor kin to her!"

SARAH D. DUDLEY.

THE following story is told by the Franklin (Mass.) *Register*: "Two nights before the late disaster of the railway train at Norwood, the engineer of that train dreamed that his train ran off the track at or near that place, and that he escaped injury, but his fireman was badly injured! Another engineer, on the day of the accident, warned him to run carefully, as he has dreamed the night before the accident that his train ran off the track at Norwood, but that he, the engineer of the wrecked train, was not injured, but the fireman was hurt. Here are two dreams, both pointing to the same result, which result was accomplished, and with singular truth to the details of the dreams."

THE SILENT WORLD.

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JOHN E. ELLEGOODPublisher.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 15, 1875.

WANTED.—Number of THE SILENT WORLD for December 1, 1873, for which we will pay ten cents.

OUR subscribers who have received *unsigned* receipts as reminders of the expiration of their subscription, will please attend to them.

DURING February the railroads of Northern New York were so badly blocked up with snow that on some of them, trains ceased to run altogether. In many places, the snow was ten feet deep and so hard that it could not be cut with iron shovels, and had to be pried up before it could be removed. Owing to the blockading of the roads, the *Journal* failed to reach its subscribers, and for two or three weeks, we missed from our table one of the most valuable of our exchanges.

THE total number of pupils who have received instruction in the Institutions of this country (not including the South Carolina, Michigan, and Clarke Institutions, of which statistics are not given on this point,) is 13,970.

The number of graduates who have become teachers is 210; of these, 66 were from the New York Institution, 44 from the American Asylum, and 21 from the National Deaf-mute College at Washington, D. C., including the graduates of other institutions.

WE have once more to welcome another little stranger into our midst. This time it is the *Silent Observer*, published by the Tennessee Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It is a four-page semi-monthly, the size of THE SILENT WORLD. The first number is exceedingly well printed and edited, and reflects great credit on the pupils of the Institution and on the editor, Mr. L. A. Houghton. There are now nine papers published at as many institutions, not including the *Advance*, which can hardly be classed with the others, although published at the Illinois Institution.

THE January number of the *English Magazine for the Deaf and Dumb* contained an account of a deaf and dumb swimmer, named Alexander Ferguson, who is said to have saved no fewer than forty-seven persons from drowning in the rivers of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Mr. Ferguson is a Scotchman, a mason by trade, and thirty-three years of age. He made his first rescue when about ten years old. He has received presents at different times to the value of \$1,500 and twenty suits of clothing, and gold and silver medals, in recognition of his courage and skill in saving lives. He is a most expert swimmer, and has won many cups and prizes at different swimming and diving matches. The following are some of his feats in swimming. In 1872, he swam eighteen miles in seven hours; in 1873, eight miles in two and a half hours, through dangerous currents; and in 1874, nine miles in two and a half hours.

WE lately saw, in the windows of a book-store, something which we are sure would be a very great and pleasant aid to the deaf and dumb in the acquisition of language. It was a "Children's Picture Roll," containing picture lessons for every day in the month. In

appearance it is precisely like the Bible-text and hymn rolls, with which we are all familiar, and is intended to be hung up in any room frequented by children and a leaf turned every day. Below each picture, are a few lines printed in large type and short easy words, descriptive or illustrative of the picture. The pictures are finely drawn and printed, and the whole roll is very neat and attractive, and would be well worth buying for the school-room on that account alone. It is evident that the children, seeing a new picture and new words every day, would soon pick up much that would be a very great help in their progress. The fact that this information was picked up by the children themselves, voluntarily, and not as a lesson, would also exert a great influence for good in stimulating them to read and encouraging them to learn for themselves. These Picture Rolls may be ordered of Charles F. Roper, 52 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Price \$1.50.

A LATE number of *Harper's Bazar* contained several comic illustrations of the experience of a foreigner during the sudden changes which are so common to our Winter season. The unsophisticated mortal is represented first as out for a walk and delighted with the warmth and mildness of the weather. In a couple of hours, he wishes he had not left his overcoat at the hotel. The next day, when he goes out, the snow is up to his neck; the day after that, he wades through rivers of mud and water; and so on—the experience is familiar to all of us, and we do not need to be told of the sufferings and bewilderment of the poor fellow. This last Winter has certainly been unusually long and severe, and now that the thaw has fairly come, we can not but rejoice that it is so nearly over. We need to be doubly careful, however, for the cold of the coldest Winter, is not as dangerous to our health as the fogs and general moisture of the early Spring. Indeed, the rarefied air of the cold weather is a positive benefit to all, except those whose lungs are weak or diseased. But when the thaw comes, the general tone of the health of every one is more or less lowered; and we are not only more liable to take cold, but it is harder to throw off a cold once taken, so that a slight cold, which would be easily thrown off at any other time, often results seriously.

A REPORTER of one of the Oakland papers, who interviewed Mr. Wilkinson, the principal of the California Institution, immediately after the late fire, represents him as saying that if he had any voice in the deciding of the plans for a new building, he should use his influence to have several small buildings erected, instead of one large one; for, by such a plan, it would be all but impossible for a fire to destroy the whole Institution at one sweep. The idea is certainly a good one, and worthy of the consideration of all who have to do with the erection of new institutions. The increased safety from fire is not the only advantage. It is one of the greatest evils of our institution life that it is necessarily so different from the home life the children would enjoy, if they could be educated at home; and this is one of the strongest arguments for day-schools and small institutions. If, instead of one large building, there were several small ones, all under the same general supervision, it would be possible to greatly diminish this evil: moreover it would admit of the complete separation of the children of different ages and grades of education, and would undoubtedly lead to their being received into the institution at an earlier age than is at present deemed advisable. Some of the disadvantages of the plan will suggest themselves to every one familiar with institution life, and thought and discussion will develop more. But it will also develop more of the advantages, and which every way the subject ends, it certainly is worth while to consider it.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

REPLY TO REV. DR. THOMAS GALLAUDET.

BELFAST, MAINE, March 5th, 1875.

To the Editor of THE SILENT WORLD:

I NOTICE in your issue of February 15th, that the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet announces himself in favor of the continuance of an appropriation by the State of New York, by which copies of a country local newspaper are distributed to deaf-mutes residing in that State. I am at a loss to understand what induces him to assist in bolstering up an editor by advising charitable legislation. The deaf-mutes of other states enjoy no such favor as their New York friends in the matter of free newspapers. If the free distribution to deaf-mutes of a country newspaper be right, the deaf-mutes of each state should claim the privilege from the state of their residence. In vain I search for a precedent like that of New York. I have no sympathy with or for such a system of begging, and would rejoice to see it end where it began. I feel that we, deaf-mutes, should declare to the world that we, of our own industry and energy, are able to support a paper independent of charitable legislation. Let us all act unitedly and extend a helping hand to any publisher of ability, who undertakes the difficult task of publishing a deaf-mute newspaper to be sustained on its own merits by the deaf-mutes themselves.

Yours respectfully,

C. AUG. BROWN.

PERSONAL.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET conducted services for the deaf and dumb in Philadelphia on Sunday, the 27th ult.

MR. JOHN NEIBERGALL, a German deaf-mute living in Baltimore, has worked for one firm for thirty years. Mr. Neibergall is a tailor.

MR. S. T. LEE, the young deaf-mute Englishman who visited this country last Spring, has been lecturing before the Manchester Adult Deaf and Dumb Society on his experience in America and more particularly, his intercourse with American deaf-mutes.

MR. W. H. EARNEST, one of the earliest pupils of the American Asylum, has been working for some time in a large furniture manufactory in Baltimore, Maryland. Mr. Earnest was born and brought up in Baltimore, but lived for many years at Mobile, Alabama.

MISS LAURA C. REDDEN is spending the Winter in New Orleans, having already spent four weeks in Havana, and will be in New York next May. She sailed for Cuba last November, in the hope that her health might be benefited by the sea-voyage. Now she writes that she feels entirely restored to health.

MISS M. B. LAWRENCE, now a pupil of Mr. Z. C. Whipple, at Mystic River, Conn., whose success in learning to speak and to read from the lips in a remarkably short time, created so much discussion in the columns of the *Journal* last Summer, writes us that Mr. Whipple has been equally, if not more, successful in teaching one of her brothers, also a deaf-mute, to speak. His friends are greatly delighted at his progress and success.

THE Boston deaf-mutes celebrated Washington's birth-day by a grand social festival. There were about a hundred-and-fifty present: among them Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Mr. John Carlin, of New York City, and Miss Carrie B. Durbrow, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. The festivities included dancing and a supper, with the usual speech-making, and were kept up until a late hour. Everything passed off in a most satisfactory manner and in a way that reflected great credit upon Mr. Robert D. Livingstone, the manager.

MR. JAMES BARNES, who entered the American Asylum in 1817, is living in Baltimore, Maryland. He was seventy years old last January; and has worked at his trade as a tailor for fifty-four years. When he first went to school, he went from Baltimore to New York in a large vessel and from New York to Hartford in a sloop. The journey took twelve days; six in going from Baltimore to New York and six more from New York to Hartford. It was three years before he returned home. Mr. Barnes is still hale and hearty, and works at his trade with an industry that is an example to many a younger man.

SOMETHING ABOUT LIVINGSTONE AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

I.

WE propose in this and a succeeding number of THE SILENT WORLD to give a short account of Dr. Livingstone and his labors in the exploration of Southern and Central Africa, together with a few pictures of Africa and African life and customs, taken from his *Last Journals*, recently published by Harper & Brothers. The publication of this book and of a *History of Exploration and Adventure in Africa* has given a fresh interest to the subject, and we hope the following paragraphs will not be uninteresting to our readers.

Nowadays a journey in Africa is not anything like the achievement it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. Then our knowledge of that part of the world was exceedingly limited and imperfect, but now, although there yet remains much to be learned, every school-boy has a more or less perfect map of the whole continent, with its rivers, lakes, mountains, and table-lands, and every library of any size contains books about its people and peculiarities. All this we owe to Livingstone and those who have followed in his footsteps.

Livingstone heads the list of the more recent travelers and explorers; and to him justly belongs more fame and credit than to any of the others, inasmuch as his experience prepared the way and made it easier for them, even in those parts of the continent which he did not himself visit.

When a young man, Livingstone went out to Africa from England as a missionary. In 1849 he began his travels and explorations, and continued them unceasingly, except during a year or two which he spent in England, until his death, which took place in Central Africa in 1873.

The object for which he labored was to obtain and publish information which should so add to the world's knowledge of Africa that the continent would become a profitable field for European enterprise and commerce. This, he hoped, would open the way and lead to the abolition of the slave-traffic, which is still carried on to a great extent in Africa, and to various barbarous tribes becoming civilized and christian communities. Thus his ultimate object was solely the good of his fellow men.

He labored and suffered with this purpose for more than thirty years, how patiently and persistently we can only guess from his journals: for it was part of his nature to bear his trials, misfortunes, and disappointments uncomplainingly. It is only by putting together vague hints dropped here and there, that we know that his plans did not always work smoothly. He expresses very little, if any, impatience at the delays that were forced upon him by hostile people, illness, lack of supplies, &c. Even when he has been in mortal danger from lurking enemies, it is only made known by a few pious ejaculations of thankfulness for his escape.

Finally, worn out with hard work and long suffering from disease, he reluctantly gave up his work, but only when he was so far gone

that he could no longer endure to be carried, and died alone and unattended, save by a few followers, who remained faithful to him during long years of service.

In reading of his devotion to so noble an object and his patience and perseverance under almost incredible disappointments and hardships, it is impossible not to feel the greatest admiration, respect, and veneration for him. It is difficult to give due expression to the feelings which must arise in every one who becomes in the slightest degree acquainted with his life and work. If ever a man lived nobly, heroically, and unselfishly, that man was David Livingstone.

He died on his knees, while at prayer. His faithful followers carried his body through the wilderness back to the coast, whence it was taken to England, and rests in Westminster Abbey among his country's most illustrious dead.

It was Dr. Livingstone's custom to note down the events of each day in a note-book, and afterwards to transfer them, as he had opportunity to a larger volume. During the last three or four years of his life, he was obliged to relax this habit, on account of travel and the exhaustion of sickness. At one time his stock of note-books, ink, and pencils became exhausted, and he was obliged to resort to various expedients. Old newspapers, yellow with African damp, were sewed together, and notes written across the type with a substitute for ink made from the juice of a tree. From the materials thus collected were made up the *Last Journals*; and most of the book is in Livingstone's own words.

The expedition left Zanzibar, on the West coast of Africa, in 1866. The following paragraph will give an idea of the joy and exhilaration Livingstone felt at being once more at work.

"The effect of travel on a man whose heart is in the right place, is that the mind is made more self-reliant: it becomes more confident of its own resources—there is greater presence of mind. The body is soon well-knit, the muscles of the limbs grow as hard as a board and seem to have no fat, the countenance is bronzed, and there is no dyspepsia. Africa is a most wonderful country for appetite; and it is only when one gloats over marrow bones or elephant's feet that indigestion is impossible—no doubt much toil is involved and fatigue of which travelers in more temperate climes can form but a faint conception; but the sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God: it proves a tonic to the system, and is actually a blessing. No one can truly appreciate the charm of repose unless he has undergone severe exertion."

Livingstone wrote thus; and truly it is a pleasant picture. Unfortunately it has a dark background. In Africa all travel has to be done on foot and all baggage to be carried on the backs of men. Thus a traveler is compelled to have a long train of followers, or bearers, to carry his baggage. This is always of necessity very large; for the current money in Africa is not gold and silver, but cotton cloth and beads, and the traveler has to carry a large supply to buy food and to pay the tribute which every petty chief exacts before he allows the passage of the party through the district which he controls.

Livingstone's bearers were often mutinous. Soon after the expedition started, some of them refused to go any farther, and returning to the coast, reported that Livingstone had been murdered. The falsehood was soon detected.

The desertion of two of the bearers early in 1867, who ran away with the medicine-chest, caused a loss which it is impossible to exaggerate. Mr. Waller, the editor of the *Last Journals*, says: "There can be little doubt that the severity of Dr. Livingstone's subsequent illnesses mainly turned upon it, and it is hardly too much to believe that his constitution from this time was steadily appressed by the effects of fever-poison which he was powerless to

counteract, owing to the want of quinine." Livingstone himself speaks of the loss as follows: "The forest was so dense and high, there was no chance of getting a glimpse of the fugitives, who took all the dishes, a large box of powder, the flour we had purchased dearly to help us as far as the Chambeze river, the tools, two guns, and a cartridge-pouch; but the medicine-chest was the sorest loss of all! I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death." It was not until Livingstone met Stanley five years later, that he was again supplied with those medicines without which travel in Africa is so deadly.

Long and vexatious delays were often caused by wars between rival chiefs, by disputes about the tribute to be paid, and by desertions of the bearers; and more than once, Livingstone was compelled by one or the others of these causes to give up all idea of reaching some point towards which he had been toiling for weeks and months, and that, too, when his object was all but accomplished. When he arrived at places where he expected to find fresh stores, without which he could not go on, and news from home, he found that the stores had failed to arrive or had been sold or stolen and his letters had been destroyed. At one time, he was in this way reduced to beggary. It was in this condition that H. M. Stanley, who was sent out by the *New York Herald* in search of Livingstone, found him. Stanley supplied him with all he needed, and he was able to resume his explorations, and continued them up to the time of his death, which occurred about a year after Stanley left him.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE same window-pane smashed for the fifth time!

PROF. A. GRAHAM BELL visited the College on the 28th ult.

EASTER examinations take place March 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.

THE "Lit." is steadily growing; three new members were recently admitted.

WANTED: a barber and hair-dresser. None but experts in the art need apply.

OUR knight of Saint Crispin has closed his shop until after the examinations.

FROM the College bulletin: "Apples in Room No. 5; a barrel just received from New York. No credit."

ROOM No. 18 has a tailor, who will give prompt attention to all kinds of mending on short notice: without credit, however.

MR. MELVILLE BALLARD'S photograph has just been hung up in the Reading Room. He was the first graduate of the College.

A FRESHMAN mourns the disappearance of his hat from the rack in the vestibule near the entrance to the chapel and dining-room.

THE Seniors are jubilant over the fact that the Faculty have accepted those orations prepared for pantomimizing next Presentation Day.

THE thanks of the Reading Club are due the principals of the various institutions for deaf-mutes for their Annual Reports sent to the Club.

SEVERAL numbers of the *Cave Spring Enterprise*, published at the Georgia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, have been received by the Reading Club.

MR. JAMES E. BELLER, of the Class of '72, has received an appointment in the sixth auditor's office of the Treasury Department at a salary of \$900 per annum.

WANTED by the Reading Club, a lawyer; one who is able to decide all technical questions of dispute that may come up from time to time. Salary: \$000,000,000 per meeting.

THERE was recently a snow-ball contest between the students and the pupils of the Institution. The latter were several times squeezed into the Institution by mad sorties from the College.

MR. JAMES M. PARK, of '75, who has been at home since Christmas, owing to ill-health, returned to resume his studies on the 27th ult., looking as if his respite from College labors agreed with his constitution.

AT the regular monthly meeting of the Reading Club, held on the 6th inst., the following officers were elected to serve out the remainder of the school year: *President*, G. M. Teegarden, '76; *Vice-President*, W. C. Pick, '75; *Secretary*, D. W. George, '76; *Treasurer*, W. L. Waters, '78; *Librarian*, H. Erbe, '78; *Assistant Librarian*, A. D. Bryant, '79.

A LITTLE prep, the other day, thinking he would have a good swing took hold of a rope dangling from one of the trees in front of the College, and with a vigorous start, was soon swinging betwixt heaven, and earth. But alas! ere he knew it, he found himself measuring his full length in the mud; and his Sunday clothes looked none the better for his mishap. Moral: beware of weather-beaten ropes.

CONGRESS appropriated for the support of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, including salaries and incidental expenses, the maintenance of the beneficiaries of the United States, and \$500 for books and illustrative apparatus, \$48,000. For continuing the work on the erection, furnishing, and fitting up of the buildings of the Institution, in accordance with the plans submitted to Congress, \$40,000.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE are indebted for the following items to the local papers published at the various institutions mentioned.

The pupils of the MICHIGAN INSTITUTION enjoyed their annual sleigh-ride on Washington's birth-day.

A Sciopticon exhibition was given in the girls' room of the MICHIGAN INSTITUTION on Saturday evening, February 20th.

Mr. D. C. Hommel, one of the teachers of the TENNESSEE INSTITUTION, has been elected an Alderman of the city of Knoxville.

The TENNESSEE INSTITUTION has established regular monthly examinations of the pupils, which will be held in the chapel of the Institution.

A class for instruction in articulation has recently been organized at the TENNESSEE INSTITUTION. It is composed of semi-mutes, and is taught by Miss Bettie Davis.

Including the new school recently established at Chicago, there are now three DAY-SCHOOLS for deaf-mutes, viz: one at Boston, another at Pittsburgh, and the third at Chicago.

A short time since, the pupils of the TENNESSEE INSTITUTION held a temperance meeting. Some stirring speeches were made, and the pledge was signed by all the boys present.

The publication of the *Pelican* was resumed at the LOUISIANA INSTITUTION on February 13th. It had not been published before since the first of January, owing to the printing of the Annual Report and some other work, which gave the Institution office more than it could do.

The officers and pupils of the GEORGIA INSTITUTION held a meeting, and passed resolutions expressing their sympathy for the California Institution in the calamity which overtook it by the burning of the Institution building. A copy of the resolutions was sent to California and they were published in the *Cave Spring Enterprise*.

The pupils of the GEORGIA INSTITUTION value the parties at which the boys and girls meet together, so highly that Mr. Connor, the principal, finds that the severest punishment he can inflict for any bad conduct is not to permit the offender to attend the next ensuing party. He never has to resort to this but once for any offense.

A joint Committee from the two houses of the Legislature visited the GEORGIA INSTITUTION on the 20th and 21st ult. The committee spent one night in the building, and thoroughly inspected all the departments of the Institution. They agreed to report that the Institution was in good condition and everything satisfactory, and also to recommend an appropriation for the Institution of \$20,000 to make certain improvements which are greatly needed.

The pupils of the CALIFORNIA INSTITUTION are having a two-month's vacation now instead of in the Summer. The Board of Directors have leased a house immediately adjoining the grounds on which the burned building stood, and it is occupied by the principal, officers, and those of the pupils who have no homes to go to during the vacation. The building used for the shops is being enlarged and fitted up for the accommodation of the children; and the school will go on at the end of vacation. All these arrangements are temporary. When the Legislature meets, steps will probably be taken towards the erection of permanent buildings.—*Alta California*.

IOWA.

THE view around this place (Council Bluffs) has not ceased to be attractive to me: it is wide and varied. The Institution is located three miles South of the town of Council Bluffs, and about the same distance East of the Missouri river, at the foot of the range of bluffs, which runs North and South, parallel to the river.

The ground between the river and bluffs is quite flat. From here we see Council Bluffs, and in a north-west direction, about six miles distant, the city of Omaha and the iron bridge across the Missouri, over which the Union Pacific Rail road trains pass. Farther north of

Omaha, ten miles distant, we discern the dark speck of the Nebraska Institution.

The bluffs are shaped just like snow-drifts. The height of some of the bluffs is about two hundred feet, and they rise abruptly from the plain. It is very pleasant to ramble up and down these bluffs: some romantic glens are found among them.

Little Johnny, the son of Mr. Zorbaugh, died, on the 3rd of this month, of brain fever. It is the first death among us since the removal of the Institution from Iowa City to this place.

The clergyman who officiated at the funeral told a beautiful story. He said a gardener had a little daughter who was nursing a rare flower in a pot. She loved and thought of it a great deal. One day she missed the flower from the pot, and she wept and grieved much. When she asked her father what had become of the plant, he took her and showed her the treasure in a sunny and fertile corner of the garden, where it had been transplanted, in order that it might thrive better.

The preacher said it was like this with Little Johnny. The child had been taken from this cold climate into warm and sunny heaven, where God Himself will take care of him.

Our male pupils and those of the Nebraska Institution have been paying each other neighborly and friendly visits. They generally make the journeys to and fro on foot.

The health of the whole Institution is excellent.

Feb. 22d, 1875.

D. S. R.

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE extension and alterations in this Institution rendered necessary by overcrowding and sickness, are now about completed, and school commenced with the new year in the new school-room—a large, airy, well-lighted room, fitted with Dawson desks, and well adapted in every way for its purpose.

The building has now a frontage of fourteen feet, a depth of forty-five feet, and contains upwards of thirty rooms.

The total cost of the alterations has been about \$8,000, including the heating apparatus. This latter has been found to work most effectively during the recent very severe weather, and has tended, by keeping the building at a uniform temperature, to greatly diminish coughs and colds, from which we have suffered very little. The number of pupils now in attendance is about the average of the last few sessions, but there is ample accommodation for nearly double the number.

A small printing office has been fitted up, where some of the boys are learning the art "preservative of all arts."

A room has been set apart as a library and reading-room. Here the adult deaf-mutes residing in the city meet three evenings in the week for social improvement, and on Sunday evenings for Bible class.

Our magnificent harbor has been frozen over for a week—a circumstance which has not occurred for ten years—and on Monday last, the whole of the pupils walked across on the ice to Dartmouth on the opposite side. To-day, however, the ice shows signs of breaking up.

J. W. D.

AMERICAN ASYLUM.

STILL another death to remind us we are but mortal and pilgrims, not dwellers, in the world. Mrs. Henry Kennedy, the wife of our steward, died after nearly two weeks' severe illness, on February 10. A christian lady, kind and pleasant to all, we mourn our loss while we know that it is her gain.

It will be remembered that nearly two years ago Miss Lizzie M Haskell, one of our teachers, a semi-mute, was compelled to leave the Asylum on account of failing health. At her home in Portland, Maine, in the care of kind and loving relatives, she rested and hoped to recover her strength. But it was too late. The disease, consumption, could not be arrested and she passed away peacefully Friday morning February 23th. It becomes not these pages to bring to public gaze the sacred last days and hours of her life; her farewell words of love and comfort to the grieved hearts soon to lose her and her final falling asleep "to awake in Heaven." A christian would feel his own faith strengthened and would not fear death, seeing how peacefully and with what blessed hopes she died.

She lost her hearing while young and came here, proving herself an apt and thorough scholar in all the studies pursued. She was as good a teacher as scholar, as many of her pupils now well advanced will testify.

The health of our inmates is good except—the mumps prevail. First one boy—then half a dozen; by and by a score of swelled faces. In politics our pupils were inflationists enough to rejoice Ben. Butler—"you will get it next" said the sufferers to the well ones. "No, I had them years ago" was retorted. Many an anxious pupil wrote to his other parents, "Have I had the mumps?" The number of those attacked ran up to 60, 70, 90, 100 and over. It was reported that there had been about seventy-five cases of mumps in the Ohio Institution. Now—

Breathes there a boy, with soul so dead.

Who never to himself hath said—

This is own, my native school!

and when the number of cases reached seventy-five and over there was a general rejoicing. "We have beat the Ohio Institution," they said. Each boy doubtless was willing to have others get sick and swell the list, but when it came to himself he usually objected. It should be added that our matron, Miss Greenlaw treated all the sick skillfully, and none were bad enough to require the physician's attendance.

W. L. B.

Hartford, March 8, 1875.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

EASTER is almost as great a time in England as Christmas.

A New York merchant, who advertised for a boy, found one in a basket on his door-step next morning.

A HINT.—"I wish I was a pudding, mamma!" "Why?" "Cause I should have such lots of sugar put into me."

Boston proposes to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, by a grand parade of the entire State militia.

The number of adult white men in the United States, who can not read or write, is stated at 720,000; women in the same predicament, 1,150,000.

Habits are costly things. Of the \$34,000,000 which the new tax bill is expected to bring in, twelve will come from whisky and six from tobacco and cigars.

On the plains of Texas is found a little flower called the "compass flower," which, in all changes of the wind and weather, points its leaves invariably to the North.

The lazy school boy who spelled Andrew Jackson "&ru Jaxon," has been equalled by a student who marked the first of half a dozen new shirts "John Jones," and the rest "do."

It is stated that the British Government has accepted from Spain as indemnity for the Virginius outrage on British subjects \$2,500 for each white and \$1,500 for each black man murdered.

The Pacific Mail Company is instituting suits to recover from R. B. Irwin the \$750,000 of the company's money which he spent in the vicinity of Congress. Mr. Irwin has discreetly taken his departure to Europe.

The Civil Rights bill recently passed by Congress, and now the law of the land, gives to all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States, an equal right to be carried in all public conveyances and to admission to hotels, theatres, and all places of amusement; and makes it unlawful to exclude any person from state juries on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

The two kings of Siam have quarreled and separated. These two kings are not equal powers, the second king being only a sort of subject, who has a little court of his own and an army, and is exempt from prostrating himself before King No. 1; but he can not make any application of the state revenues without the permission of his superior. So in the recent quarrel, he sought the protection of the British flag.

The trouble between the employees and the employers in the mining regions of Pennsylvania, have developed a phase of atrocious fiendishness—the firing of the mines by incendiaries, who, for the purpose of gratifying their revenge, do not hesitate to imperil the lives of hundreds of other men. The magnitude of the crime is exhibited by the offer of so large a reward as \$10,000 for the detection of the perpetrators.

A little more than two years ago, there were rejoicings throughout the Chinese Empire on the occasion of the marriage of the young Emperor of China. The Imperial marriage, regarded by the Chinese as one of the most august of ceremonials, was celebrated with great pomp and formality. On the 12th of January last, the young Emperor died. His name was Tung-che, and he was not yet nineteen years old. A few months after his marriage, he assumed the government nominally, although he was undoubtedly governed by his experienced ministers in administering the affairs of the empire. Since his death, his young wife Alute has committed suicide. Tung-che is succeeded by a young prince who is now but five years old.

The important facts established and admitted by the Pacific Mail investigation are the expenditure of nearly a million dollars to secure the subsidy, the tracing of the greater part of it into the hands of either members or officers of the House of Representatives, and the utter inability to get from them any account of what they did with it. The next Congress will probably continue the investigation.

There has been a great deal of jesting about the petition of Ann Eliza Young (Brigham's nineteenth wife) for a divorce, but it has turned out to be not so much of a joke after all. On February 26th, Judge McKean, presiding in the United States Court, passed an order directing Brigham to pay Ann Eliza \$3,000 for attorney's fees and \$500 per month for the support of herself and children, to be computed from the day of filing her petition.

Mexico is agitated politically, socially, and religiously. The increase of the numbers and influence of the Protestant missionaries has caused a great amount of excitement, and there is danger of a general outbreak. A missionary has been murdered, and the liberal newspapers are calling for the enforcement of the laws. The abolition of the convents by the Government has added fuel to the flames and stirred the church party to extremes of bitterness. Besides these troubles, the banditti are active in one province and in others, there have been earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

Congress has restored the most objectionable features of the Franking abuse. All public documents now printed or hereafter to be printed by order of Congress, may be sent free through the mails until the first day of next December, on a personal frank of a member of the present Congress, and the Commissioner of Agriculture may hereafter send through the mails, on his frank, copies of the Agricultural report and such seeds as he has for distribution.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has enacted a law defining the crime of "kidnapping." The penalty for the same is a fine not exceeding \$10,000, and imprisonment in the penitentiary not exceeding twenty years. The act grants immunity to all who have committed this offense prior to its adoption, upon their surrendering the children kidnapped to the nearest magistrate. This is intended to cover the case of Charlie Ross, and to assure those who have him in custody that they will not be punished if they give him up.

The French Assembly has passed a bill to create a Senate. This is considered a great step towards the permanent establishment of the Republic. The Senate is to consist of 300 members, all to be chosen by officials themselves elected by universal suffrage. Seventy-five will hold office for life, the remaining 225 will be elected for nine years. One third of the latter will be changed or re-elected every three years. The duties of the Senate will greatly resemble those of the United States Senate. The Senators are not to be chosen until a month before the dissolution of the Assembly, which has thus far shown no disposition to dissolve.

The situation in Louisiana is briefly as follows: The Republican party is in the minority and the Republican Governor (Kellogg) was illegally elected in 1872. He has been and is sustained in power solely by the United States troops, acting by order of President Grant. At the last elections, the Conservative, or opposition, party acquired a majority in the Legislature. When the Legislature assembled last January, a detachment of United States soldiers, acting under the orders of Governor Kellogg, forcibly expelled several of the Conservative members, on the ground that they were illegally elected, and thus restored the majority to the Republicans. Two Congressional committees have been to Louisiana to investigate the whole matter, and their reports were substantially as above. Congress, therefore, passed resolutions recommending that the Conservatives recognize Kellogg as Governor and the Republicans allow the expelled members to return to the Legislature. This would give the Executive department of the Government to the Republicans and the Legislative to the Conservatives, and is admitted on all sides to be about as fair a compromise as can be reached under the circumstances. It is thought best to recognize Kellogg, because, although illegally elected, he has held the office for two years; and back of 1872, everything becomes irretrievably mixed. Both Republicans and Conservatives have agreed to accept this compromise. A Congressional committee has charge of the negotiations, and there is every prospect that the troubles will be settled in this way.